THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, January* 24, 1807. [No. 4.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[H. Repton, Esq. has lately dedicated some of his works to the Right Honourable William Windham. This address is so elegantly penned, the praise of the friend of Burke is so just, and the allusion to Burke himself are all so interesting to the *stanch disciples* of *these* statesmen, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of publishing this dedication entire.]

To the Right Honourable William Windham.

SIR,

POLITICKS and party have, at this time, so strongly taken possession of men's minds that in thus publickly addressing a publick character it may be supposed that I should make some allusion to the present state of publick affairs; but since every individual who can read a newspaper has sufficient wisdom to advise statesmen and to comment on their measures without knowledge of their motives: I have not lately been ambitious of understanding political subjects, which varied with the seasons; or belonging to parties, which changed with the moon.

In the course of my profession I have had the honour to become acquainted with almost all the statesmen and all the leaders of different parties, without sacrificing the pursuits of taste for those of politicks; and during my occasional conversations and correspondence with your late friend, the great EDMUND BURKE, I only knew him as the authour of a treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," a book that in after ages will shine with perpetual lustre, reflecting honour on his taste and that of the country in which he lived; when many of his other works will be neglected with the occasional pamphlets and squibs that throw a momentary light on the passing politicks of the day.

The vicissitude of human events has been a common theme with writers of all ages; yet surely no period of time ever witnessed such changes as those within our memory. Whether we extend our view to the great convulsions of Europe, or confine it to the fluctuation of sentiments and manners in England, or still narrowing the circle of our observation, only look at the changes in the rank, the property, or the opinions of individuals within our own immediate knowledge; in all these points of view we must confess that no human foresight could predict such uncommon events as we have witnessed since the year 1783, when I had the honour of accompanying you to Ireland at the beginning of your political career.

Whatever might be your reason for then resigning your publick situation and retiring into Norfolk, I confess I was not sorry to retire with you; I had seen enough of the *path* of ambition to know it was always *difficult*, sometimes *dangerous*, and often *dirty*.

There was no dishonour in my wishing for the enjoyment of inglorious ease, and I looked forward with hope to the renewal of your friendship in retirement; but your talents were not given to be wasted in private life; a high sense of duty to your country soon called you forth again, to take an active part in the councils of your Sovereign; and whether in conjunction with, or in opposition to, the various administrations of the last twenty years, the force of your eloquence, the depth of your observations, the perspicacity of your mind, your personal fortitude, with prophetick sense of publick danger, and, above all, the sincerity and integrity of your heart, have proved that you were not created for the tranquillity of a private station.

When you determined to forego the ease of leisure to promote the welfare of the kingdom at large; I chose the more humble task of contributing to the comfort and pleasure of individuals: and while you studied to raise the glory and secure the best interests of the country; I was content to guide its taste and improve its scenery. Yet often do I look back with pleasing satisfaction to those happy days passed in the neighbourhood of Fellbrig, when you had leisure to cheer my retirement, and condescension to be pleased with the occasional productions of my pen, or pencil. Some of these I now venture to bring before the publick, together with a few other trifles, written at different times, and on different occasions; but whether produced at an early period, when I had nothing better to engage my attention, or more recently, to divert my attention from the constant duties of my profession: whether the offspring of too much leisure, or too much business, I am happy in having your permission to inscribe them to the friend of my early days, and trust they will be considered as the innocent and sportive effusions of an active, cheerful mind.

As an apology for addressing such trifles to you, I may observe, that, however the dull, plodding money-getter may hold trifles in contempt; the wise, the good, the benevolent man, and the man of genius knows the value of trifling. And I have observed, that in proportion to the powers of mind to conceive great designs, there has always existed a peculiar faculty for enjoying relaxation. The cares, the anxiety, the bustle, and the duty of the most arduous situations can only be borne by occasional recurrence to what some would call—trifles; and whether they consist in the idle prattle of a child, the playful gambols of an animal, the cultivation of a flower, or the perusal of a poem, life would be intolerable without them.

Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
YOUNG.

Since, therefore, the tension of the mind derives new vigour from relaxation, if any of these trifles can afford a short alleviation of your constant anxiety for the publick welfare, my attempt will not be wholly useless.

I have the honour to be,
Sir, your
Very faithful servt.
H. REPTON.

[Russia has for many ages attracted the attention of the geographer, the politician, and the political economist; and never was this mighty empire more deserving of our contemplation than at the present period. The following description of the Russian character will be perused with a double interest; because it is the most recent, and because the describer is Dr. Aikin, England's second Addison.]

RUSSIA.

The people who inhabit these wild regions are for the most part of Sclavonick blood, and of Asiatick origin: their progenitors were known by the name of Sarmatians. Long disunited among themselves, and in a state of barbarism, they were reduced in the thirteenth century to vassalage under the Tartars. From this condition they were rescued in the fifteenth century, by their Czar, Joar Basilowitz, who, with his grandson, of the same name, men of vigour and talents, though rude and ferocious, extended

the Russian dominion, and made the nation known throughout Europe. Succeeding Sovereigns, among whom Peter I and Catharine II were preeminent, not only enlarged their territories, but promoted civilization and improvement of every kind; and at length raised the Russian empire to the dignity of a first rate European power.

The Russian national character appears to be marked with sedateness and tranquillity, mixed with liveliness and sociability. They are hospitable and good tempered among one another, capable of strong attachments, sagacious, and patient of hardships. The servitude in which the lower classes live, and the despotick rule exercised over the highest, have made them supple, cunning, and crouching. Manly elevation of soul with steady principle are rarely met with among them. The ancient nobility have vast estates, which they reckon by the number of vassals with which they are stocked; and they live in a kind of rude magnificence, shunning the Court and publick employments.

The Russian peasantry are remarkable for their readiness in acquiring the common arts of life, several of which they exercise for domestick purposes. In the higher departments of intellect, nothing masterly or original has yet appeared among them, which may perhaps be owing to their recent civilization. Their implicit obedience, joined with natural robustness of constitution and habit of endurance, renders them excellent soldiers in the modern practice of war, where mechanical discipline is more requisite than enthusiastick ardour. They shrink at no danger or fatigue, and are only to be conquered by extermination.

OF THE FIRST LANGUAGE.

Language, as involving so many combinations, is the most difficult of all inventions; being the instrument of human conversation, it is the most useful.

Letters, or written language, is the next in dignity and use; being the grand key to knowledge, arts, and sciences.

Whether these two are of human, or as some have supposed, of divine origin, cannot be easily ascertained. The complexity of their construction and inflexion, the variety of compound, as well as simple ideas which they express; the wonderful reach displayed in the invention of letters, about two dozen of which, by different arrangements, expres the whole of human thought, which is boundless and infinite; all tend to show both the one and the other to have been the result of much forethought and the most profound reflection.

If of human invention, it must have required time, experience, and long investigation to have discovered and improved them. The first nations, it is supposed, were mute, or expressed themselves in dumb show. Natural signs, looks, and gesticulations, must have supplied the place of words and artificial expression; till, by degrees, finding the tediousness and imperfection of this mode of intercourse, men would of necessity and by compact, have recourse first to oral or spoken language; then to figures and hieroglyphicks; and lastly, to letters or written language.

These, indeed, must have been previous to all other inventions or improvements whatever; as, without them, no human communication can properly take place, no instruction or information of any kind. They must, therefore, have paved the way not only to the useful and convenient arts, but to human intercourse in general, polity, commerce, and sciences of every sort.

Upon examining the structure of language, we discover a very great analogy betwixt all those of remote origin.

Nature operates here mostly in the same way in all the human race. The words of any original language must be few, as men's ideas in an early state are but few. And these words and expressions are very much of the metaphorical kind for the same reason, to wit, the scantiness of language

As in this state men's imaginations are peculiarly active, they will naturally in their expressions, have recourse to those external objects, that are daily before their eyes and strike them most forcibly. In warm countries there will be frequent allusions to heat; in cold, to frost, snow, and hail; in mild, to green fields, soft breezes, and purling streams.

If greatness of size is spoken of, the African will allude to the elephant, and the Greenlander to the whale; if beauty is the subject, the former will allude to the sun, the latter, most probably, to the splendour of ice or of snow.

The Hebrew and Celtick languages are, certainly, both of very remote origin. Accordingly their idiom, being unpolished and scanty, is highly figurative and metaphorical; and possesses that ardour and conciseness so peculiar to most primitive tongues. The

Celtick, supposed older than the Greek, was the ancient language of Gaul, Spain, and the British islands. The Hebrew, or its dialects, prevail to this day over Arabia, Persia, and a great part of India, and the northern parts of Africa.

The High Dutch and Sclavonian are likewise of great antiquity; though it is extremely difficult to ascertain their origin. Perhaps they may be deemed a-kin to the Celtick; as the Latin to the Greek, with a mixture of Tuscan. Their genius, however, is harsh and rude, though possessed of strength; their manner cold and tedious.

The Latin and Greek I reckon of nearly the same antiquity, the latter perhaps somewhat older. They are likewise related in form and idiom, and bear a strong resemblance to the country in which they were produced. Besides their own intrinsick and superlative value, they become of peculiar consequence, as they enter more or less into the composition of most European tongues.

I shall only just further observe, that, as all original languages seem one way or other interwoven or connected together, it is most probable that they have sprung from one still more original, the fountain-head of the rest. Perhaps the Hebrew, Chaldaick, or Arabick, bids the fairest for this honour; yet there is no certainty that these were either spoken at the building of Babel, or were only corruptions of a more general one that took place before the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion of mankind.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

From Quintilian, the transition to Caius Plinius Secundus, his pupil, is easy. He was born in Insubria about sixty years after our Saviour, and very early distinguished himself as a pleader at the Roman bar.

Enriched by a succession to the estate of L. Plinius Secundus, his uncle, he refused every reward for the defence of the innocent beyond the pleasure it afforded; and, had his speeches been preserved, they would probably have refuted a modern maxim, that a legal opinion, not paid for, is not worth obtaining.

In addition to a mind that was captivated by the love and successfully engaged in the cultivation of letters, he possessed a heart in which all the charities resided. He was amiable to his acquaintance, and he was benevolent to all. Had a longer life than that of little more than half a century been granted to him, it is probable that posterity would have received more testimonies of his genius and his virtues. His panegyrick on Trajan is the language equally of praise and of truth, and is perhaps the only work which may serve as an object of comparison with the style of the preceding age. It was not published for many years after he had returned thanks to the Emperour for appointing him Consul. Praise to benefactors, when extended to topicks of general character, is often extravagant, and sometimes unjust; yet in this instance, it had the rare advantage of being grounded on incontestible facts. History accords with his eulogium, and, when with the portrait of a virtuous Prince he contrasts that of the tyrants who had preceded him, the contrast renders it more striking and valuable. Pliny says, his first object is to render to a great Prince the homage that is due to his virtues; then to present to his successours not rules of conduct, but a model which may teach them to deserve an equal share of glory by the same means: that to dictate to Sovereigns what they ought to be, is painful and presumptuous; to praise him who acts well in such a manner that the eulogium may serve as a lesson to others, and be a light to conduct them on their way, is an enterprise not less useful and much more modest.

After having stigmatized the baseness and unworthiness of those Emperours who only checked the incursions of the barbarians by pecuniary donations, and the purchase of captives to be the ornaments of an illusory triumph, he exhibits a very different conduct in his illustrious hero.

Every Emperour, at his inauguration, had a custom of distributing money amongst the people. The orator here expresses himself nobly and with interest on the circumstances which accompanied the liberality of Trajan. Another proof of the magnificence of the Emperours, were the spoils and spectacles which they gave to the Roman people who were idolaters of them. If any thing could produce a distaste

for such representations, it would have been the atrocity of the tyrants named the Cæsars, who still found, in the amusements of the theatre and the combats of the circus, an occasion to make their subjects more sensible of their despotism and their cruelty. Such was their attachment to a particular charioteer or gladiator, that they never scrupled to sacrifice those who espoused the opposite party. Under the Greek Emperours, this insensate rage was pushed to such an excess, that the faction of the Blues and the Greens, called so from the liveries of the circus, occasioned more than once the most horrible massacres in Constantinople. Before the time that Pliny wrote, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian had signalised their foolish passion for gladiators and pantomimes, by the most monstrous excesses. The sports given by Trajan seemed to have had another character; and this part of the panegyrick, followed by an account of the punishment of informers, displays such beauties, that if Pliny had always written in this style, he might well have been compared to Cicero. He felicitates the Emperour on putting an end to informers, who had, by false accusations of treason, deprived the state of many valuable citizens, and enriched the imperial coffers with the spoil of the victims.

Trajan had lived a long time in a private condition. In that best situation for a reflecting mind, he had marked the abominable reign and tragick end of Domitian.

Adopted by Nerva, whose reign was extremely short, Trajan appeared to the desponding empire as a being of superhuman excellence. A man of such spirit as Pliny could not fail to seize this circumstance, so fortunate in its kind; and the observations he makes upon it are worthy of our perusal. With energy and elevation he justifies the manner in which he speaks of the tyrants who had oppressed Rome, and of the happiness which the subject of his panegyrick had diffused.

In the letters of Pliny, we search in vain for that familiar ease and that disclosure of the heart, which are the characteristicks of epistolary correspondence. It is much to be regretted, that we have only such letters as were written for posterity; however varied and agreeable their manner, in however amiable a light they exhibit the authour, they are not a faithful image of his mind. Ten books of them were selected by him, and prepared for the publick. The names of the persons to whom they were addressed are those of his contemporaries most celebrated for their talents and their virtues; and the sentiments he expresses are worthy of such connexions. He interests us equally for the friends whose loss he regrets—the victims of Domitian, and for those who participated with him the blessings of his patron's reign.

But times of tranquillity do not affect the reader like the violent revolutions of the age which Cicero describes. They possess a higher attraction for the imagination, and furnish a richer aliment to the curiosity. In history, as on the theatre, nothing is less interesting than a happy people. Middleton, in his life of Cicero, allows that the "Letters of Pliny are justly admired by men of taste, and that they show the scholar, the wit, and the gentleman; but that their poverty and barrenness betray the awe of a master. All his stories terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politicks; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of publick councils. He had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect but nominal, conferred by a superiour power, and administered by a superiour will, and with the old titles of Consul and Proconsul. We still want the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with a supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture to repair a bath or punish a fugitive slave, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan."

For The Port Folio.

The following lines will remind the reader of one of the most beautiful poems ever produced by the genius of Robert Burns. The picture of the distress of the little animal when it rouses from slumber, is well drawn, and the conclusion is just.

THE DORMOUSE JUST TAKEN.

Sleep on, sleep on, poor captive mouse,
Oh sleep! unconscious of the fate
That ruthless spoil'd thy cosey* house,
And tore thee from thy mate.

What barbarous hand could thus molest
A little innocent like thee,
And drag thee from thy mossy nest
To sad captivity?

Ah! when suspended life again
Thy torpid senses shall recal,
Poor guiltless prisoner! what pain
Thy bosom shall appal.

When starting up in wild affright
Thy bright round eyes shall vainly seek
Thy tiny spouse with breast so white,
Thy whisker'd brethren sleek.

Thy snug warm nest with feathers lin'd,
Thy winter store of roots and corn,
Nor nuts, nor beech mast shalt thou find,
The toil of many a morn.

Thy soft white feet around thy cage
Will cling, while thou in hopeless pain
Wilt waste thy little life in rage
To find thy struggles vain.

Yet since thou'rt fallen in gentle hands,
Oh captive mouse, allay thy grief,
Too light shall be thy silken bands,
And time afford relief.

Warm is the lodging, soft the bed
Thy little mistress will prepare,
By her kind hands thou shalt be fed,
And dainties be thy fare.

But neither men nor mice forget
Their native home, where'er they be,
And fondly thou wilt still regret
Thy wild woods, loves, and liberty.

[GOLDSMITH in his History of the Earth, satisfies the ear and the mind not less than in his Essays, or in his delightful Novel. Let the polite reader peruse the following extract, and we trust he will be of our opinion.]

The polar regions that receive the solar beams in a very oblique direction, and continue for one half of the year in night, receive but few of the general comforts that other parts of the world enjoy. Nothing can be more mournful or hideous than the picture which travellers present of those wretched regions. The ground, which is rocky and barren, rears itself in every place in lofty mountains and inaccessible cliffs, and meets the mariner's eye at forty leagues from the shore. These precipices, frightful in themselves, receive an additional horrour from being constantly covered with ice and snow, which daily seem to accumulate and to fill all the vallies with increasing desolation. The few rocks and cliffs that are bare of snow look at a distance of a dark-brown colour, and quite naked. The internal parts of the country are still more desolate and deterring. In wandering this solitude, some plains appear covered with ice, that, at first glance seem to promise the traveller an easy journey. But these are more formidable and more impassable than the mountains themselves, being cleft with dreadful chasms, and every where abounding with pits that threaten certain destruction. The seas that surround these inhospitable coasts are still more astonishing, being covered with flakes of floating ice that spread like extensive fields, or rise out of the water like enormous mountains! These, which are composed of materials as clear and transparent as glass, assume many strange and fantastick appearances. Some of them look like churches or castles with pointed turrets; some like ships in full sail; and people have often given themselves the fruitless toil to attempt piloting the imaginary vessel into harbour.

The earth presents a very different appearance at the equator, where the sun-beams darting directly downwards, burn up the lighter soils into extensive sandy deserts, or quicken the moister tracts with incredible vegetation. In these regions almost all the same inconveniences are felt from the proximity of the sun that in the former were endured from his absence. The deserts are entirely barren; and it not unfrequently happens that this dry soil which is so parched and comminuted by the force of the sun rises with the smallest

* A Scottish expression for snug.

breath of wind. The sands being composed of parts almost as small as those of water, they assume a similar appearance, rolling onward in waves like those of a troubled sea, and overwhelming all they meet with inevitable destruction. On the other hand, those tracts which are fertile teem with vegetation to a noxious degree. The grass rises to such a height as often to require burning; the forests are impassable from underwoods, and so matted above that even the sun, fierce as it is, can seldom penetrate. These are so thick as scarce to be extirpated, for the tops being so bound together by the climbing plants that grow round them, though a hundred should be cut at the bottom yet not one would fall, as they mutually support one another. In these dark and tangled forests, beasts of various kinds, insects in astonishing abundance, and serpents of surprising magnitude, find a quiet retreat from man, and are seldom disturbed except by each other.

In this manner the extremes of our globe seem equally unfitted for the comforts and conveniences of life, and although the imagination may find an awful pleasure in contemplating the frightful precipices of Greenland or the luxurious verdure of Africa, yet true happiness can only be found in the more moderate climates, where the gifts of nature may be enjoyed without incurring danger in obtaining them.

It is in the temperate zone, therefore, that all the arts of improving nature and refining upon happiness have been invented: and this part of the earth is, more properly speaking, the theatre of Natural History. Although there be millions of animals and vegetables in the unexplored forests under the line, yet most of these may forever continue unknown, as curiosity is there repressed by surrounding danger. But it is otherwise in these delightful regions which we inhabit: among us there is scarcely a shrub, a flower, or an insect without its particular history; scarcely a plant that could be useful that has not been propagated, nor a weed that could be noxious which has not been pointed out.

The olive-tree, as we are assured by travellers and naturalists, makes no very splendid figure in the plains of Pisa or the groves of Spain. Its green is sickly, and its general effect unpicturesque. But in the natural as in the moral world that which has little show has much use. The virtues of this tree have lately been poetically celebrated by Mrs. C. Smith. Our readers will be pleased with this poem. The allusion in the third stanza is pious as well as poetical.

ODE TO THE OLIVE-TREE.

Although thy flowers minute, disclose
No colours rivalling the rose,
And lend no odours to the gale;
While dimly through the pallid green
Of thy long slender leaves, are seen
Thy berries pale.

Yet for thy virtues art thou known,
And not the anana's burnish'd cone,
Or golden fruits that bless the earth
Of Indian climes, however fair,
Can with thy modest boughs compare,
For genuine worth.

Man from his early Eden driven,
Receiv'd thee from relenting Heaven,
And thou the whelming surge above,
Symbol of pardon, deign'd to rear
Alone thy willowy head to cheer
The wandering dove.

Though no green whispering shade is thine,
Where peasant girls at noon recline,
Or, while the village tabor plays,
Gay vine-dressers and goatherds meet
To dance with light unwearied feet
On holidays;

Yet doth the fruit thy sprays produce,
Supply what ardent suns refuse,
Nor want of grassy lawn or mead
To pasture milky herds is found
While fertile olive groves surround
The lone Bastide.

Thou stillest the wild and troubled waves,
And as the human tempest raves,
When Wisdom bids the tumult cease,
Thee, round her calm majestick brows
She binds; and waves thy sacred boughs,
Emblems of peace!

Ah! then, though thy wan blossoms bear
No odours for the vagrant air,
Yet genuine worth belongs to thee;
And Peace and Wisdom, powers divine,
Shall plant thee round the holy shrine
Of Liberty.

LEVITY.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

Here lies T—— S——
Who, whilst he lived, was *hotly employed*
In the service of his country;
He had abilities for matters of *weight*,
And, whatever came upon the *anvil*

He turned to advantage.
He was *dexterous* in *penetrating* into things;
For few were so *hard* or so *close*
But he would *screw* into them,
And *spy* through them;
He showed *great strokes* of his *strong parts.*
As well in *cutting asunder* the *firmest connexions*
Which *lay in his way*,
As in *uniting* what he *found asunder*
To answer his purpose.
Whatever *black contrivances* were *forged*,
He soon *blew them up*,
And was successful in *quenching*
The *red hot fury* of those *he had in hand:*
His station was an *unquiet one;*
By a judicious use of *instruments*,
Of which he was master,
And by making *vice* itself
Subservient to his work;
He secured his *points;*
And by hitting the *right nail on the head*,
Arrived to the *height* of his desires,
And lived, *with spirits*, in the *common way:*
In which situation
He *bent* himself to be serviceable
To his neigbourhood,
Among whom he *wrought a good understanding;*
And when things went *wrong or lame*,
Would stoop to set them on *better footing.*
He was not *linked* to any party;
Old and New were equally his interest;
He made *a great noise* in the world;
And *shone* in his station,
Till age spread a *rust* over him,
And death put out *his fire*,
And here are laid *his dust and ashes.*

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lord Erskine, a few days ago, upon a case of lunacy, in the Court of Chancery, said, that he considered the various trusts with which he was invested in a manner as nothing, when compared with the sacred duty of protecting those who were visited with so severe a calamity as that of mania. He said it was as much a disease as any other with which it pleased God to afflict mankind, and that he was sure it was always exasperated in its symptoms, and frequently rendered incurable by unkind and rigorous treatment. That he never would permit lunaticks to be shut up from the common use of air and their own limbs when they were capable of enjoying protected enlargement, without danger to others or to themselves: and that, in the management of the estates of lunaticks, he would not allow remainder, nor to consider them as incumbrances, or to think that the property was not to accumulate for their benefit; but he would always examine with the most anxious attention, how much comfort and satisfaction the lunatick was capable of receiving from the enjoyment of that which was his own.

It is impossible for the pen to describe the emotion or the sensibility which this declaration from the Bench produced on every auditor in the Court, and we are sure it will be felt with equal interest and sympathy by every one of our readers.—*Lon. Pa.*

---

*Lord H****.*—Sitting with Lord H. (who was much addicted to the bottle) previous to a masquerade night, he asked Foote "what *new* character he ought to appear in?" "New character!" said the other, pausing for some time, "suppose you go *sober* my Lord!"

The Lame Lover.—When Foote parted with his theatre to Coleman, he got himself engaged at the same time as a principal performer; but some difference arising about settling the value of the comedy of *The Lame Lover*, Coleman observed that it would not bring so much as the other pieces, and therefore it should have an abatement. "Yes, yes," said the other, "it will; for though he is *nominally lame*, I shall always lend him a *foot* for his support."

Gratitude of Players.—A person attacking the players in general one night in company with Foote, said, among other things, "that they had not one grain of *gratitude* about them." "Nay, now," said Foote, "you are too severe upon the profession; for to my certain knowledge there are no people more distressed at *benefits forgotten!*"

The Discovery.—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as *the first discoverer!*"

Irish Hospitality.—Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork.* "No, Sir," said he, quickly—"but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

It has been the amusement of some to collect butterflies from different parts of the world, or to breed them among caterpillars

at home. These they arrange in systematick order; or dispose so as to make striking and agreeable pictures: and all must grant that this specious idleness is far preferable to that unhappy state which is produced by a total want of employment.

—

Charlotte Smith, even in verses intended for very young persons, displays great genius, talents, and sensibility.

TO THE LADY-BIRD.

O! Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird, why dost thou roam
So far from thy comrades, so distant from home?
Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the air,
Who the sweets of the grove and the garden can share,
In the fold of a leaf, who can form thee a bower,
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower;
Ah, why, simple Lady-Bird, why dost thou venture
The dwellings of man so familiar to enter?
Too soon you may find that your trust is misplac'd
When by some cruel child you are wantonly chas'd,
And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,
May be torn, by his barbarous hands, from your back;
And your smooth jetty corslet be pierced with a pin,
That the urchin may see you in agonies spin;
For his bosom is shut against Pity's appeals,
He has never been taught that a Lady-Bird feels,
Ah! then you 'll regret you were tempted to rove
From the tall-climbing hop, or the hazel's thick grove,
And will fondly remember each arbour and tree,
Where lately you wander'd contented and free;
Then fly, simple Lady-Bird,—fly away home,
No more from your nest and your children to roam.

—

A cure for bad Poetry.—A physician of Bath, told Foote he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had *so many irons in the fire*, he did not well know what to do. "Then take my advice, Doctor," said Foote, and "*put your poems where your irons are.*"

—

Boswell in his life of Dr. Johnson, a work so various and amusing that I know no reason to prefer to it any, the most delightful of the French miscellanies, has introduced, with great effect, in many passages of his enchanting book, the Doctor's sentiments concerning that same *state of nature* with which some of our wild men in America are so violently enamoured.

"I attempted to argue for the superiour happiness of the *savage* life, upon the usual *fanciful* topicks. Johnson. "Sir, there CAN BE NOTHING MORE FALSE. The savages have *no bodily advantages beyond* those of civilized man. They have not better health, and as to *care* or *mental uneasiness*, they are not above it, *but below it, like bears.* No sir, you are not to talk such *paradox.* Let me have no more. It cannot entertain, far less instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch Judges, talked a great deal of such *nonsense.* I suffered *him*, but I wont suffer *you.*"

On another occasion, when reprehending the absurdity of a certain Baronet's conversation, Johnson, to express his *climax of contempt*, said to him,

"Sir Thomas you talk the *language of a savage.*"

But the most memorable passage is the following, in which not only the savage state, but a lawless polity and a foolish patriotism are sneered at with all the shrewdness of the *homo* "*emunctæ naris*" of the Thracian freedman.

"The modes of living in different countries, and the various views with which men travel in quest of new scenes having been talked of, a learned gentleman who holds a considerable office in the law, expatiated on the happiness of *savage life*; and mentioned an instance of an officer who had actually lived for some time in the *wilds of America*, of whom, when in that state, he quoted this reflection with an air of admiration, *as if it had been deeply philosophical*: "Here am I, sovereign and independent, and the most enlightened being in the universe, free and unrestrained, amid the *rude* magnificence of nature, with this *Indian* woman by my side, and this gun with which I can procure food when I want it: what more can be desired for human happiness?" It did not require much sagacity to foresee that such a sentiment would not be permitted to pass without *due animadversion.* Johnson. "Do not allow yourself, sir, to be *imposed upon* by such *gross absurdity.* It is *sad stuff*; it is *brutish.* If a *bull* could speak, he might *as well* exclaim—here am I with this *cow* and *grass*; what being can enjoy greater felicity!"

—

Dryden, whose prose style is excellent, and whose elaborate and ingenious prefaces and dedications ought to be *studied*, has the following happy remarks somewhere.

Ovid going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them that good verses never flow but from a *serene* and *composed spirit.* Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air.

Boswell observes in his life of Dr. Johnson that "the custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed that this was also a custom in China, and that a dog-butcher was as common as any other butcher." Some wag in England thus poetically and merrily describes

THE CHINESE DINNER:

A fact which occurred during Lord Macartney's Embassy to China.

The feast prepar'd, the splendour round
  Allow'd the eye no rest;
The wealth of "Ormus and the Ind"*
  Appear'd to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,
  The solemn silence broke,
Because, 'tis fam'd, our Englishman
  No word of Chinese spoke!

Now here, now there, he pick'd a bit
  Of what he could not name,
And all he knew was that, in fact,
  They made him sick the same.

CHING-TAU, his host, press'd on each dish,
  With polish'd Chinese grace,
And much CHING thought he relish'd them
  At every ugly face.

At last he swore he 'd eat no more,
  ('Twas written in his looks!)
"For zounds," he said, "the Devil here
  "Sends both the meat and cooks!"

But, covers chang'd, he brighten'd up,
  And thought himself in luck,
When close before him, what he saw
  Seem'd something like a duck.

Still *cautious* grown, and to be sure,
  His brain he set to rack;
At length he turn'd to one behind,
  And, pointing, cried, "*Quack, quack?*"

The Chinese gravely shook his head,
  Next made a rev'rent bow,
And then express'd what dish it was,
  By utt'ring, "*Bow, wow, wow!*

—

Whether Dryden in the ensuing passage talks more like a philosopher, physician, or poet, we will not detain the reader by investigating.

We who are Priests of Apollo *have not the inspiration when we please*, but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure.

—

In perusing the familiar letters of Mr. GIBBON to the Earl of Sheffield, in which we think the writer appears to much more advantage than in his Roman History, we find the following admirable sentiments at the expense of two of the most execrable topicks in nature, *Democracy* and the *French Revolution*. It is impossible that any words we can employ should be sufficiently energetick and picturesque to express our full approbation of the following sentiments.

I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the possession of Paradise. My only comfort will be, that I shall have been expelled by the power and not seduced by the arts of *the blackest dæmon in hell*, the DÆMON OF DEMOCRACY. Where will this tremendous inundation, this *conspiracy of numbers* against rank and property, be finally stopped. Europe seems to be universally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their *devouring one another*; they are *furious* and *hungry monsters*, and war is almost declared between the *moderate republicans* and the absolute levellers. A majority of the convention wishes to spare the royal victims; but they must yield to the *rage of the people* and the *thirst of popularity*, and a few hours may produce a trial, a sentence, and a guillotine. M. Neckar is publishing a pamphlet in defence of the august sufferers; but his *feeble* and *tardy* efforts will rather do credit to himself than service to his clients.

—

Hunger, literary hunger, will soon compel me to write to *Elmsley, as I have many questions to ask and many commissions to give. In the mean while, I *thirst* for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution of France. Entreat Elmsley, in my name, to despatch it to Lausanne with care and speed.

—

In a letter to Mrs. Gibbon, he says, "In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the *strange revolution* which has *humbled all that was high*, and exalted all *that was low* in France. The irregular and lively spirit of the nation has disgraced their liberty, and instead of building a free constitution, they have only exchanged despotism for anarchy. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours, but there is surely much eloquence and much sense in his book."

In another to the same—"You will allow me to be a tolerable historian, yet on a fair review of ancient and modern times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the present. My knowledge of your discerning mind and my recollection of your political principles assure me that you are no more of a *democrat* than myself. Had the French improved their glorious opportunity to erect a free constitutional *monarchy* on the ruins of arbitrary power and the Bastile, I should applaud their generous effort; but this total subversion of all rank, order, and government could be productive only of a *popular*

* Milton.

* One of Mr. Gibbon's booksellers.

monster, which after devouring every thing else, would finally devour itself. I was once apprehensive that this monster would propagate some imps in our happy island, but they seem to be crushed in the cradle; and I acknowledge with pleasure and pride *the good sense of the English nation*, who seem truly conscious of the blessings they enjoy."

—

Louis had given and suffered every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingratitude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a saint, or what is far better, of a virtuous Prince who deserves our pity and esteem. He might have lived and reigned had he possessed as much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitude. When I read the accounts from some of the universal grief and indignation which that fatal event excited, I *indeed gloried in the character of an Englishman*: our national fame is now pure and splendid.

—

Yesterday the august scene was closed for this year. Sheridan surpassed himself; and though I am far from considering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful passages in his speech on justice, filial love, &c. one of the closest chains of argument I ever heard to prove that Hastings was responsible for the acts of Middleton, and a compliment much admired to a certain historian of your acquaintance. Sheridan in the close of his speech, sunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning and he is perfectly well.—*Gibbon.*

—

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
  Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Well then may ERIN's sons adore
  Their isle that nature form'd so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
  As glorious Boyne, or pastoral Ban!
And who a friend or foe can meet,
  So gen'rous as an IRISHMAN?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
  But *Principle* is still his guide:
None more repents a deed of harm,
  And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be dup'd, but wont be dar'd:
  Fitter to practise than to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
  And spends it like an IRISHMAN.

If strange and poor, for you he'll pay
  And guide you where you safe may be;
Are you his comrade—while you stay
  His cottage holds a jubilee;
His inmost soul he will unlock;
  And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
  For faithful is an IRISHMAN.

By Honour bound, in woe or weal,
  Whate'er he bids she dares to do;
Tempt him with bribes, or if you fail,
  Try him in fire, and find him true:
He seeks not safety, let his post
  Be, where it ought, in Danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
  'Twill not be by an IRISHMAN.

ERIN, lov'd land, from age to age,
  May you become more fam'd, more free!
May peace be yours—or if you wage
  Defensive war—cheap victory!
May plenty bloom in every field,
  Your healthful breezes softly fan,
And Pleasure's smiles serenely gild,
  The breast of ev'ry IRISHMAN.

—

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
  Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hallow'd o'er him weeps,
  And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of diff'rent creed,
  An hermit's holy ashes rest,
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
  Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant time full well I know,
  When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The Druid's magick misletoe,
  The holy hermit's passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystick stone
  Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
  Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—dost thou not hear?
  Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates on my ear—
  The horrour rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds, it came
  Unmix'd, unmelodis'd with breath;
But grinding through some scrannel frame,
  Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart" it cries;
  "No tribute bear to shades unblest:
Know here a bloody Druid lies,
  Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

Associate he with dæmons dire,
  O'er human victims held the knife,
And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
  Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

Behold his crimson streaming hand
  Erect! his dark, fix'd murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
  And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—dost thou not see
  The haggard eye-ball's horrid glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
  Dart through the sabled shade of hair!

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rules th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey.

What wr tched—hark! the voice replies,
"Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
For here a guilty hermit lies,
Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

Though Nature lent him powers to aid
The moral cause, the mutual weal:
Those pow'rs he sunk in this dim shade,
The desperate suicide of zeal;

Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
Whose cell's the sepulchre of Time,
Though many a holy hymn he chants,
His life is one continued crime.

And bear from hence the plant, the flow'r,
No symbols those of systems vain!
They have their duties of the hour—
Some bird, some insect to sustain."

—

The following curious paragraphs are extracted from a Boston paper. The shaver, who transmogrified a Vermont bear into an East-Indian nondescript was probably one of those virtuous Yankees, distinguished by the honourable appellation of jockies and swindlers, who, when they can no longer cheat one another, wander from home to cajole strangers.

It is remarkable that all seasons and all climates have been favourable to the wiles of deception. When practised on others, it may afford us some short gratification, but on ourselves, confusion and chagrin. We are unwilling to seem deficient in understanding, and this very unwillingness frequently precipitates us into extravagant mistakes. We are seldom more sensible of intellectual pain, than when others of inferiour capacities have escaped the same deception by which we have been deluded. It is then mankind invariably commend *society*, and sigh for its absent joys. Deceptions are practised on all the senses with wonderful success; but on the sight, assisted by the reasoning faculties, they are perhaps less frequent. To this class, however, belongs the unaccountable, and I hope singular deception, which occurred last week; I refer to an animal exhibited in this town, termed a nondescript biped, and which, had it not been for the interposition of common sense, would probably still have been a source of admiration to the *learned* of the present day. This animal was sought with avidity by some gentlemen who have lately become naturalists, and who were profuse in expressing the gratification they received at a sight so novel and interesting. Some considered it as a *lusus naturæ*.

"Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat ———"

Others, however, ranked it under the genus of *Sorex*. Gentlemen repeated their visits more frequently, and several descriptions, I am informed, were nearly completed, when, to the great discomposure of the naturalist, it proved to be a BEAR, taken in the woods of *Vermont!!!* Some individuals, who very fortunately could view it through no other medium than that of the most humble understanding, were the authours of this discovery, which conferred little honour on themselves, but less on the *lovers of nature*.

—

The bear which was exhibited in this town last week, as an extraordinary animal from the *East-Indies*, we understand was purchased at *New-York*. The owner there shaved, dressed, and disciplined him, and gave him the name of "*Poulican*." He was shown in that city for two or three weeks, and had a crowded company every day. At length the imposture was discovered, and the Mayor obliged the master and his bear to leave the city.

—

HOW TO LIVE! AFTER A DUCAL RECIPE.

If the Duke of Q— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of *culinary comforts*, and those other succulent arts by which *longevity* is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:—At seven in the morning he regales in a warm *milk bath*, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his *coffee* and a *buttered muffin*, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *coffee au lait*, with *new-laid eggs*, just parboiled; at eleven, he is presented with two *warm jellies and rusques;*—at one, he eats a *veal cutlet à la Maintenon;* at three, *jellies and eggs;* at five, a cup of *chocolate and rusques;*—at half after seven, he takes a *hearty dinner* from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of *claret and Madeira;*—at ten, *tea, coffee, and muffins;*—at twelve, sups on a *roasted poulet*, with a plentiful dilution of *lime punch;*—at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps until three, when his *man cook*, to a moment, waits upon him in person with a hot savory *veal cutlet*, which, with a portion of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted until the morning summons to his *lactean bath*. In this routine of *living comforts* are the four and twenty hours invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not know with *Sir Toby Belch*, "that our life is composed of the four elements," he knows at least, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "that it consists in *eating and drinking!*"

—

ADDISON, seeing some old writer upon Astrology, who had ridiculously asserted that in the firmament there were *tenebrificous* or *dark* stars, makes the following happy application:

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies.

Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authours who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked on as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted by several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

—

George Colman, who is the best opera-writer of the present day, has just produced a musical entertainment entitled, "We Fly by Night, or Long Stories." In the character of a landlady he introduces the following Song which contains a sportive equivoque:

Around the face of blue-ey'd Sue
Did auburn ringlets curl;
Her lips seem'd coral dipp'd in dew,
Her teeth two rows of pearl:
Joe of the Bell, whose wine they said
Was new in cask as he in trade,
Espous'd this nonpareil.
"You keep the bar," says Joe, "my dear,
But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,
And prove to all who love good cheer
They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanc'd to slip
Behind the bar to dine;
And found sweet Susan's yielding lip
Much mellower than her wine.
As Joe stept in, he stamp'd and tore,
And for the London beau, Joe swore
He'd dust his jacket well.
"Heyday!" says Sue, "what's this I trow,
You bade me be obliging, Joe
I'm only proving to the beau
He's welcome to the Bell.

—

BURKE, in a tract which does not appear in Dodsley's edition of his works, thus describes a scoundrel and French republican.

One of their Journalists, and according to their fashion, one of their leading statesmen, was Gorgas, who published a newspaper which he called The *Galley* Journal. The title was well suited to the paper and its authour. For some *felonies* he had been *sentenced to the gallies;* but by the benignity of the late *King, this *felon*, to be one day advanced to the rank of a regicide, had been pardoned and released. His gratitude was such as might naturally have been expected, and it has lately been rewarded as it deserved. This *liberated galley slave* was raised, *in mockery of all criminal law*, to be *minister of justice*. He has since received the punishment of his former crimes, in proscription and death.

—

Jack Bannister one evening when old Charles in the character of Neptune, appeared in the middle of the waves, called out to him, "O ho! father, you are now in your element—*half seas over!*"

—

From the Charleston Courier.

SONG——On the Non-Importation Act.

The motley band of demagogues, who rule
our potent nation,
Have lately put a stop, it seems, to British
importation;
And if their words we could believe, or
promises rely on,
Their only wish appears to be to crush the
British Lion.

Bow, wow wow!

No more the dames of Charleston shall
walk in pleasant weather,
On shoes of softest *English kid*, but stiff
old *Yankee leather;*
And should their aching soles complain, or
cursed corns should ail 'em,
They'll soon be set to rights again by *Crowninshield* of Salem.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the *silks of Spitalfields* will rustle
at the races,
Nor blooming maids in *British veils* conceal
their pretty faces;
For *Nicholson* and *Gregg* and *Wright*, declare
the game they drive at,
Is to promote the publick good without regarding private.

Bow, wow, wow!

The democratick Planters all declare they'll
not be lagging,
But purchase *Boston* tow cloth up, instead of
cotton bagging;
All they want of *British flax* or *hemp*, is
but a rope Sirs,
To twist *John Bull* about the neck, and
fairly hang him up Sirs.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the *brazen candlestick* shall hold
the waxen taper,
Nor ladies write their billet-doux on *hot-pressed vellum paper;*
Away with all their *British trash*, their
brass and other metals,
We only want some * *sheets of tin* to mend
our broken kettles.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more shall beaux, in *British cloth*, in
crowds attend the churches,
And shunning ostentation, take their stand
within the porches:
The belles they go to stare at there, would
soon look very sullen,

* Louis XVI.

* Tin in Sheets may be imported.

And turn their pretty noses up at boors in
home-made woolen.

Bow, wow, wow!

Farewell! alas! a long farewell, to sparkling old Madeira,
No longer sipp'd in *English glass*, from this unhappy era
Our democratick grog must now be drank in *German tumblers*,
Thick as the heads, coarse as the minds, of democratick bunglers.

Bow, wow, wow!

—

There is nothing interesting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention.—"Love," says one of our old poets, "esteems no office mean;" and with still more spirit, "entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

—

The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind, find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage too; for it is a general popular errour to imagine the loudest complainers for the publick to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences.

—

CROSS PURPOSES.

Tom loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry,
But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry;
Bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary slights his passion:
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flowers,
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly;
Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo;
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To smile at reformation.

And still, through life, this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

—

Arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth, are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves may have of partaking in the exercise of that arbitrary sway, in the one mode or in the other.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Gentle Swain," as might be expected, perhaps, from a rustick observer, does not know the world; at least he is profoundly ignorant of the *mundus mutiebris*. Dean Swift in ten lines will fully instruct our correspondent, who appears to be quite a novice in certain mysteries:

Why is a *handsome wife* ador'd
By every coxcomb *but her lord?*
From yonder *puppet-man* inquire
Who wisely hides his *wood* and *wire*,
Shows Sheba's Queen *completely drest*,
And Solomon in *royal vest;*
But view them, *litter'd on the floor*,
Or *strung on pegs behind the door*,
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke and Prince of Greece.

The Translator of a Section of a Homily on Patience by one of the Greek Fathers is very respectfully requested to renew his correspondence with the Editor.

"R. F." who in our last has very wittily and ingeniously assailed "J. S." the critick of Carr, is cordially invited to a more intimate intercourse. If this shrewd and sensible writer will favour the Editor with the "Tour round the Lakes," we will venture to predict that it will be aloof from all the darts of unjust criticism.

"E" wears a suit of sables; but the dress becomes her both as a poetess and a friend. We hope that she finds consolation in that IMMORTAL WORK in which we know she is piously conversant, and that *Time, who on all things lays his lenient hand*, will assuage

her grief; and employment, literary employment, beguile the tediousness of life's dismal hour.

"An American," who, in the second number of The Port Folio has remonstrated with the Editor for censuring the word *progressed*, is respectfully requested to review some positions in the article alluded to. If the word occur in the newspapers or magazines of Great-Britain, they must certainly belong to a solitary tribe of miscellany to which at present the Editor has no access. With respect to the "American's" assertion that the above obnoxious verb is to be found in Walker's Dictionary, we are sorry to be obliged to contradict a person of our countryman's respectable appearance, and what is still more disagreeable, to contradict him, as Junius expresses it, *directly on the fact*. WALKER is one of those excellent guides whose steady support and bright flambeau assist us greatly whenever we rove darkling through the obscurer paths of literature. In the third London quarto edition, and the *last*, which is now before us, we have searched *to progress*, and we have searched in vain. The "American" may be assured there is *no such verb there*. The authority of Entick does not greatly terrify us: whether he, or Crakelt his successour, in the task of compiling that *enormous* volume, has chosen to exhibit this barbarism or not, we are not solicitous to inquire, because this same dictionary was originally intended for the use of boys from five to ten, little misses in frocks, footmen, chambermaids, and other learned persons with whose profound pursuits we do not choose to intermeddle. JOHNSON cites *one* instance of its employment by SHAKSPEARE, but immediately adds *not used*. *His* declaration of its *obsoleteness* silences the dispute forever. The "American," after these hardy assertions, one of which would justify an Addison, a Burke, a Hume, or a Robertson, to revive any expression he thought proper from the trance in which it sleeps in the works of Chaucer, Gower, or John of Lydgate, *proceeds*, or if he will have it so, *progresses* to abuse the Editor for *lack of patriotism*. What connection subsists between a philological discussion and the love of one's country, we cannot distinctly perceive, though to invigorate our dim opticks we have taken divers pinches of Cephalick snuff and put on a pair of spectacles whose pebbles are of Brazil. Because the Editor, studious, though perhaps in vain, of the purity of style, has *branded* a barbarism, it is "a new proof of *antipathy* to America"! This is one of the most extraordinary conclusions ever drawn from the wildest of sophisms, at which Logick and all her handmaids stand perfectly amazed. But the "American," though he strives with all his might to depreciate the character and to impeach the veracity of the Editor, is on the alert to commend himself for "a natural prepossession in favour of the country of his birth," and more than insinuates that the man, who dislikes *to progress*, in the provincial tongue, has no such *natural* prepossession. This is a very hackneyed topick of calumny; and the eternal jangling of this monotonous peal of old bells is a little wearisome even to the leathern ears of an Editor who is obliged to listen to many an ungrateful sound. The conductor of this Journal is in possession of no graduated scale, by which he can ascertain with mathematical exactness the precise difference between the patriotism of one American and another; for, like our correspondent, the Editor is an American; he *educated himself* in America; he lives in America; and as he does not contemplate a change in his situation, the probability is that he will die in America. He has some stake in the country. His family friends, literary friends, social friends, and party friends, are American. To America only he looks for that ordinary measure of encouragement due to pretensions humble like his own; and for a magnanimous America, a WELL-GOVERNED America, a noble, loyal, generous, gallant, high-spirited America, he feels an affection more intensely warm than all the *bickering*

flames of the patriotism either of Junius Brutus or John Hampden, of John *Pym* or Algernon Sidney.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Principium dulce est, at finis amoris amarus:
Læta venire Venus, tristis abire solet.
Johannes Audœnus.

Sweetly the day-beams on our senses steal,
When first are felt the throbs of infant love:
The mind how vivid! how tumultuous rove
The charmed thoughts!—'tis paradise to feel.
As fancy draws the curtain, melting kind,
Her humid eyes* half clos'd, on flowers reclin'd,
The maid appears; Love's rich and roseate dye
Glows on her cheeks, the while a struggling sigh,
Voluptuous, breathes its witchery to the wind.

But, ah! how chang'd, when from the sickening breast
Love speeds his flight, and leaves it uninspir'd!
Where are those beauties which the senses fir'd?
All fled, their radiance lost. Dark clouds invest
That fancy which of late so wildly play'd,
And in the image of the angel maid
Beheld whatever perfect is or rare:
While for a smiling Venus, heavenly fair,
Now fell Disgust, a gorgon, stands display'd.

PHOSPHOR.

For The Port Folio.

VERSES

Written in answer to a young lady who desired to know the reason why my muse was not awakened by the return of Spring.

Ah! what is blooming Spring to me?
The verdant field, or shady tree?
The winding vale, or mountain side,
Or rocks projecting o'er the tide,
Or murm'ring stream, or vocal grove,
Or all the haunts of joy and love?
Since no returning Spring can cheer
The dreary Winter of my year!

In days of joy—alas! no more!
When wand'ring on *Wautauga*'s shore,
Or bounding from his grassy side,
I beat, with nervous arms, the tide,
The sweet return of balmy Spring
Awoke my muse, and bade me sing;
But, now, alas! no Spring can cheer
The gloomy Winter of my year!

The roseate charms of op'ning day
No more their usual tints display:
Nor fervid noon's meridian glow
Can point to grottoes cool and low;
Nor milder ev'ning's tranquil hour
Affords its wonted soothing power.
Ah! dear *Theana*! nought can cheer
The mournful Winter of my year!

Whate'er my wretched fate may be,
May joy, *Theana*, dwell with thee!
May each revolving season bless
My lovely friend, with happiness!
May each returning day impart,
Increasing pleasure to her heart!
May blooming Spring forever cheer
The smiling circle of her year!

PEREGRINE.

EPIGRAM.—*From the Balance.*

As Walter and Patrick one day were conversing,
And boasting of feats by their countrymen wrought;
Of their strength and their stature were quaintly rehearsing,
And what pranks they had played, and yet never were caught;
Says Walter, "the children of *Anak*, so brawny,
Were pigmies, compared to Scotch lads of the hill;
And the far-famed Goliath, was no more to Sawney,
Than Sandy's wee top to the whail of a mill":—
"Hold, hold, by Shaint Patrick," cries Pat in a passion,
"In Ireland as much bigger as yours can be found;
I've fraquently known many paple of fashion,
So tall that their fait could nat come nigh the ground."

* Umidi occhi is a frequent term of the Italian poets to denote the "eyes that speak the melting soul;" or, as Etruscus more forcibly expresses it, "occuli tremulo fulgore micantes." Collins says with great beauty, "eyes of dewy light." Every lover knows how fancy delights to riot on the charms of an absent mistress. The poet Jayadeva, whose songs, like those of Solomon, are supposed to have a mystical allusion, makes Madhava exclaim, "I meditate on her delightful embrace, on the ravishing glances of her eye, on the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech; yet even my fixed meditation on such an assemblage of charms increases, instead of alleviating, the misery of separation."

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY T. SMITH & J. MAXWELL.